

ODES SET TO MUSIC

1. The Saxon Helen

1. Honored brother, my beauty,
the Saxon Helen,
is incomparably lovely.
Any eyes that gaze upon her
are bound to become infatuated.

2. The Grecian Helen
was not nearly so lovely.
You should see her for yourself,
and then you would agree:
no, she was not as beautiful.

2. Shepherd Song

1. Hurry, you shepherds, from the commons,
hurry to my Thyrsis,
and, as soon as you can find him,
tell him that I am sweet on him;
tell him what he took from me;
namely, my freedom and my heart;
tell him he should come back again,
since this isn't a joking matter!

2. Alas! How his lovely figure
hovers in my thoughts;
Thyrsis has no peer
among our entire shepherd band.
I forget about meadows and flocks,
indeed, I don't even know myself,
since I am entirely bewitched
if anyone even speaks about Thyrsis to me.

3. Do I still think, beloved soul,
of the rapid flight of the hours,
if I count them backwards,
as my spirit vainly seeks?
I think as well about the tender love,

left behind by Thyrsis' glance,
and the pure and innocent yearnings,
which he drew out of my heart!

4. If I sit under the fir and the beech,
Thyrsis comes to my mind;
only him will I seek there,
alas! I ask, where can he be?
So I run through the fields and meadows,
to see if my shepherd is hiding there.
Yet I cannot trust the track,
since I'm afraid of all the wild animals.

5. Nothing makes me happy any more,
as when I often, all alone
upon the colorful blooming pasture,
could be with my sheep.
Even though the dove flies with her flock,
she is always paired with another;
none fly away from their mate:
this is the way of faithful souls!

6. There is nothing left for me anymore,
except this, that I must declare:
I will love Thyrsis forever,
forever is my steadfast vow.
Lovely exchange! Sweet sorrow!
Thyrsis! Alas, you do not hear!
I will wander in the meadow,
where his face appears to me.

7. As evening comes to me,
I play upon the reed pipe;
the theme of my songs remains
Thyrsis' name, as before.
Alas! You dwell in my hut,
even if you are far away,
for I feel at every step,
that my Thyrsis is at my side.

8. Should I then to your shadow,
since my fate denies it,
nevertheless be wed in my dreams?
Indeed? I do not forbid myself.
Finally the happy hour will strike,
finally the happy day will come,
when with my whole heart
I will see you again and can kiss you.

3. Song of a Young Maiden

1. I'm still young in years,
inexperienced in conquest;
innocence alone is my task.
Men's hearts topple,
imagining themselves in love:
I do not understand this art.
2. Before choosing the art
of deceiving and betraying men,
my heart will surrender itself.
I don't want to hurt anyone;
I will only give myself to him
who loves me first.
3. Oh, if I could only find among the blossoms,
with a joyful spirit,
a heart full of love and faith!
He would happily discover
that I kiss just as well
as if I were fifteen years old!

4. The Kisses

1. Since nothing can compel me to restrain my
pleasure
and parcel out my kissing,
Philet berates me (and he's too old for kissing now).
"In the old days," he instructs, "we also used to kiss;
but not knowing when to stop,
or kissing as much as you do,
would bring lasting shame on one;
I used to kiss much more sparingly."
2. So, when I embrace you, Neära,
and hang on your neck, drunk with joy;
when my ravished spirit, lost to itself,
perishes upon your lips, now doubts plague me,

whether people will say
that I kiss too much!

3. Neära listens and laughs, and pats me gently on
the cheek,
and gives me a kiss full of youthful passion,
such as Mars never received from Venus
when he rested in her arms after conquest.
"What reason is there," she says, "for Thyrsis to
worry?
In this matter, there is no other judge
over you than myself."

5. Drinking Song

No power can stop
the fleeting days.
Wheels on a chariot
do not fly as quickly;
as lightning flashes,
they are over.
I will enjoy myself
as long as I exist.

6. Morning

1. The dawn lures us
into bush and forest,
where the shepherd's flute
already resounds through the land.
The lark climbs and twitters
filled with delight,
the dove laughs and coos,
the quail chirps.
2. The hills and the meadows
are filled with light,
and the field blossoms with
fertility and joy.
The sheen of the green surfaces
shines full of radiance,
and from the clear streams
night withdraws.
3. The hills' white mantle,
the flock of sheep,
presses out of stall and keep
with a joyful surge.

See, how the herdsman
senses the morning
and upon the fresh earth
acts the lover!

4. The hunter is already stirring
and targets the deer
through bloodstained paths,
through bushes and clover.
His saddle horn gives the signal:
they rush to him;
already out of the branches
the hunting cry rings forth.

5. Yet Phyllis' heart trembles
at all this delight.
Only tenderness stirs
her soft breast.
Let us seek the valleys,
beloved child,
where we will be surrounded
by mountains and beeches!

6. Behold yourself in the aspect
of this field!
Be forever like this meadow:
beautiful by nature,
more desirable than the morning,
as lovely as its glow;
be as free of pride and care
as this valley!

7. Dorinde

Cupid told Venus
before the assembled throng of gods,
since he was angry with her,
that Dorinde was prettier than her.
Of course the whole group of gods
contradicted Cupid;
but, but Cupid spoke the truth.

8. The Stoic

1. A tepid friend to earthly joy,
a stoic, lay about and cried:
"Behold, my lords, what a world is this!
What happiness it is, to feel nothing!"

2. The young man could not fathom this wisdom;
he was silent, he drank, and laughed and cried:
"Behold, my lords, what a world is this!
What happiness it is, to taste and to feel!"

9. The Bee

1. As Cupid, in the Golden Age,
enamored of pastoral pleasures,
ran about on flowery meadows,
the petite god of gods was stung
by a little bee, which slept on rose petals
where he had just gathered nectar.

2. Through this sting Cupid became cleverer;
the immortal trickster
devised a new weapon from it.
He lurked beneath the lilies and roses;
a young girl came to caress them.
As a bee, he flew out and stung.

10. The Contented Man

1. Removed from grief and worry
I awake every morning,
having spent the previous night
in contentment.
The freedom of my soul
is my highest good;
and, without any disturbance,
I remain in the same mood.

2. No treasure blinds me,
the stumbling block of minds
that get worked up about it
and bring misery upon themselves.
No love tortures me,
no ambition seizes me;
I wish to be ignorant
of such urgings.

3. Thus I bring my years,
barren of cares,
into a worthy peace
cheerfully and contentedly.
I yield to fate
when I shall die;

you can even take my life,
just leave me this disposition!

11. Amintas

1. She flees away! I am undone;
a great distance separates Lalage from me.
Yonder has she fled; come, breeze, waft upon me,
perhaps you have come from her.
2. She flees away! You streams, speak of Lalage,
since without her the beauty of the meadow decays.
Rush to her, tell her that the forest misses her
and that her shepherd is dying.
3. Which valley now blooms better for having seen
her?
In what labyrinth does she dance now? Where
does her song fill the grove? Which fortunate
stream
is made more beautiful by her reflection?
4. Just a hand's pressure, just half a glance,
alas, a kiss, which she once gave me,
would remind me of her; then plunge me, oh fates,
into the grave when you wish!
5. So Amintas lamented, with eyes full of tears,
Lalage's departure to his companions;
they seemed to yearn for her along with him
and to sigh: "Lalage!"

12. The Cherished Despair

1. You unpleasant hours,
how great your number is!
If only pain and injury would increase
and kill me outright!
Yet you, tender emotions,
come, fall asleep with me.
For that which I love
still does not belong to me.
2. You, source of my sufferings,
you affect me right to the end;
the pleasures of younger days
delighted me for a long time.

Yet I want to relinquish it all,
my heart seeks rest and the grave;
oh, merely place a kiss
upon my broken eyes.

13. The Kisses

1. A little kiss, that a child gives me,
who still only plays with kisses,
who thinks nothing at all about kissing,
is a thing not even to be felt.
2. A kiss bestowed on me by a friend,
now, that is something that
cannot be called a true kiss;
he kisses me in a chilly fashion.
3. A kiss that my father might give me,
a well-meant kiss of blessing
when he praises me and shows me love,
is something that I must honor.
4. A kiss out of sisterly love
is pleasant in so far
as at the same time, instinctually,
I can think about other girls.
5. A kiss that Lesbia offers me
after my excessive pleading,
and then, shyly, pulls away,
yes, this kind of kiss, that is a kiss!

14. The Prussian Helen

Praise, brothers, my lovely one,
praise the Prussian Helen;
Bacchus himself praises her!
Just now, at her noble side,
as he caroused with us both,
he was (since she gave him one)
filled up more with love than with wine.

15. Serenus

1. Serenus, most celebrated man,
once beseeched the father of the gods,
in order to be of more use to the world,
to give him twice as much body and soul.

2. I, a mere man of pleasures,
I beseech the father of the gods,
in order to live for myself more rightly,
to give me twice as much food and drink.

16. For the Birthday of Miss S.

1. In order to honor the festival of gracious Albertine,
appearing today with magnificent splendor,
with wreathes and good wishes
the choir of the muses is gathered here.
2. There is laughter, there is singing, the most
thrilling joy
fills the delightful strings;
my breast cannot possibly remain silent,
my lyre shall accompany them.

17. The Dream

1. There was a maiden without flaw,
she was a darling angel;
no young girl had yet so charmed me.
You can name me every beauty;
you can even burn for every one:
my maiden you have never seen.
2. Just as beauties should dazzle,
when they wish to capture hearts,
thus her glance seized me with magic.
Her eyes, which glowed with fire,
her cheeks, blooming like roses,
would not permit me to be free.
3. She was modest, yet not dull,
full of strict virtue, yet not prudish,
and clever without mockery.
Intelligent and with a wise heart
she showed even amid teasing
that she was the enemy of impudence.
4. The adornment she selected
revealed no vain creature;
it was appropriate, yet not showy.
And scarcely did she appear arrayed,
than it could be seen in her noble manner
that she made the clothing more beautiful.

5. Composed and with quiet joy
she denied herself foolish envies;
her companion's happiness was her own delight.
When a pretty maiden told her
that she had made a worthy match,
her breast leaped up in joy as well.

6. Peacefully her glances taught
how even when happiness is denied
one can behave with ease and good cheer.
She couldn't ever lose too much,
since her generous nature revealed
how easily she won many hearts.
7. Not gossip, no! full of wise sayings;
were her speech to be caught in passing,
eloquence alone would be heard.
She spoke, accepting contradiction,
she spoke of business, honor and duty,
yet all with modesty.
8. Her beauty was not loveless;
she did not react with proud disdain
if a friend offered her a kiss.
Scarcely would she receive the kiss,
than her bashful cheeks would betray
the innocence of them both.
9. "Oh friend, I must kiss this girl!
Oh let me know her name;
my heart is already conquered!
Where can I ask after this beauty?"
Alas, friend, I cannot not tell you this:
I saw her only in a dream!

18. Virtue

1. Friend, virtue is no empty label,
the seed of nobility blossoms from the heart;
and it is from God, who causes the mountain peaks
to redden with lightning.
2. Let free spirits make light of heaven,
false teaching flows out of wicked hearts;
and the disdain of even more difficult duties
encourages their shirking.

3. Not from pride, nor selfishness,
no, from divinely implanted instincts
virtue is instilled, and its crown
is its own reward.
4. Is it an illusion that struggles within us,
that extinguishes the firestorm of rage,
and the all-too-soft flames of love
consigns to condemnation?
5. Is it stupidity or a deceit of the wise,
who virtue makes glorious in arms,
whose cheeks, even in death,
never blush?
6. Is it foolishness that binds hearts together,
so that each finds itself in another,
and to redeem his true friend
topples his enemy?
7. If reverence and compassion fill a heart
over the misfortune afflicting the meek and poor,
does it choose with others, and by foreign hands,
worthily to shed its blood?
8. Even evil's unbridled youth
recognizes God's image in virtue,
hates the good, and yet must true wise men
secretly praise.
9. Indeed vice flourishes and increases,
greed produces wealth, fawning leads to honors,
malice rules, flatterers earn favors;
virtue suffers.
10. Yet heaven still has her children,
virtue lives, though scarcely noticed,
gold and pearls can be found among the Moors,
and wisdom among fools.
11. From virtue flows true peace;
pleasures pall, wealth makes us weary,
crowns oppress, honors do not last;
virtue never fails.
12. Therefore, o Damon, if things do not work out
for me,
I will withdraw within myself completely.
A wise man wears sorrow like joy;
virtue adorns both.

13. Certainly the wise man does not choose his fate,
yet he changes misery itself to happiness.
If heaven falls, he can clothe himself in wisdom,
yet never be fearful.

19. Doris

1. The light of day has darkened,
the purple that shone in the west
has faded into a pale grey.
The moon displays her silver horns,
the cool night sprinkles sleep kernels
and quenches the thirsty world with dew.
2. Come, Doris, come to that beech,
let us seek the quiet ground,
where nothing stirs except you and me.
Only the breath of the beloved west wind
rustles the slender leaves of the ash
and beckons us affectionately.
3. The foliage, bedecked in verdant night,
leads us into a pleasure-filled dream,
where the spirit rocks itself to sleep.
It draws wavering thoughts
into delightful narrow clefts,
to dwell contentedly in solitude.
4. Ah, Doris! Don't you feel in your heart
the tender stirring of soft sadness,
that is sweeter than any joy?
Doesn't your lovely glance shine more softly,
doesn't your blood itself flow faster
and your innocent breast swell?
5. I know that your heart is questioning
and one thought speaks to another:
What is happening to me? What do I feel?
My child! You do not understand it,
but I can easily give it a name;
I feel this just as much as you.
6. You are astonished. Your virtue is aroused.
The lovely color of chaste youth
covers your bashful face.
Your blood surges with mingled feelings,
harsh rumor displacing love,
but your heart does not evict it.

7. My child, brighten your look,
abandon yourself to your destiny,
to him who feels only love for you.
Why will you mistrust your happiness?
You cannot save yourself now.
She who hesitates has already chosen.
8. The first buds of the loveliest years
enliven your awakened conscience,
within which no limp, cold thought slinks.
The sparkle in your eyes springs from your heart;
you will not always flirt without emotion.
She who is loved by all will easily fall in love.
9. What, should love frighten you?
Vice may hide itself with shame,
but love has never been altered by it.
Consider your happy playmates!
You feel what they all feel;
your passion is nature's passion.
10. Oh, if only you were moved by a shadow
of that delight that fills two hearts,
which share each other's thoughts!
You would demand from fate
all the wasted time back,
which your heart had spent in waiting.
11. When a beauty gives herself
to him, who lives for her, for life,
and her submission becomes play;
when, after a shepherd's evident devotion
virtue itself crowns him with myrtle
and reason speaks as one with the heart . . .
12. When tender defenses, sweet compulsion,
pleasant submission, exciting struggle,
overwhelm both hearts with delight;
when the confused gaze of the beauty,
her brimming eyes full of shallow tears,
secretly demands what she refuses . . .
13. When—but, my child, I will not speak
of this pleasure that I reveal to you,
it is, as I say, scarcely a dream.
Desired melancholy, soft ecstasy:
how can a mouth dare to express you?
Even a heart can barely grasp it.
14. You sigh, Doris! Are you reluctant?
Oh bliss! My speech has filled
you with the taste of love.
How delightful, then, is love?
If the idea stirs up such tender emotions already,
what can the reality itself be like?
15. My child, enjoy your life,
do not be so beautiful for nothing,
do not be so beautiful as to torment us both.
Do not fault love's fear and turmoil;
the nauseating slumber of frigid indifference
is a thousand times more unpleasant.
16. What have you do to with that?
Let another guard her heart,
which, when possessed, is already abandoned.
You remain the eternal master of souls,
your beauty binds all spirits to you,
17. Only choose among all our youth,
your kingdom is indeed the realm of virtue,
yet, may I say, choose me!
What good does it do, to withhold one's heart
forever?
You can choose from a hundred nobles,
yet none who love you like I do.
18. Another might dazzle you with awe,
with purchased sparkle shine,
who paints his ardor with great craft.
Each one has his virtues,
but all I have to show is a heart,
given to me by heaven.
19. Do not trust, my child, that wooer,
who bears in his mouth a double fire,
but half a heart in his breast.
He loves the radiance that surrounds you,
he loves you because everyone loves you,
and in you he loves his own pleasure.
20. I, however, love as one loves
before a mouth becomes accustomed to sighing
and swearing faith becomes an art.
My eye is focused only on you;
of all the things that are to be admired in you,
I desire nothing except your favor.

21. My fire burns not only on paper,
I do not seek to idolize you;
your humanity adorns you all too much.
Another can lament more eruditely;
my mouth knows little what to say,
but my heart feels much more.
22. If a heart's undivided ardor,
if long-tested faith in suffering,
if true respect is pleasing to you;
if your heart would give itself for a heart:
then I am already he, he who loves you,
and the happiest man in the world.
23. My child! Recognize my flames,
your lovely eyes, from which they spring,
have known them already from long experience.
If I have always seemed true to you,
then allow me to serve you;
a single word is sufficient reward.
24. Why do you look about fearfully
and cast your lovely glance down?
There is no stranger spying near:
my child! Can I not soften you,
but yes, although your mouth gives no sign,
yet your sighs tell me: Yes.

20. Muster Song before the Battle at Roßbach

1. Come out of your wolf's den,
terrifying host of heroes!
Come out to battle in the open air,
come out, come out, with courage and battle arms!
2. We, little band, are already awake
and we sing a battle song
and wake you with the sounds of strife;
come out, come out, with cries and the clash of
weapons.
3. Why do you sleep? Will sluggish laziness
make you heroes?
When you have just cause,
come out, come out: why do you shrink back?

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